

the Watercolor Exhibition. I met him two or three times afterwards in different places, and his salutations were exceedingly rich ; it was always " How do you do, Sir, j wonderful city this, Sir, wonderful! Pray have you seen the crucifixion by Vandyke, wonderful picture, Sir, wonderful, Sir." We arrived at Ghent after a pleasant passage of six hours on Friday at 3. I was agreeably surprised by the place, which I had imagined would have been Bruges on a larger scale. Its character, however, is perfectly different; there seems a great deal of business going on, or at least the numerous canals and the river Scheldt, by which it is intersected, and which are tolerably well filled with shipping, give it that appearance. We of course visited Mr. Schainp's collection, the University, Cathedral, &c., and of course we always thought each thing more wonderful than another, were exceedingly delighted, and tired ourselves to death. At St. Nicholas we took it into our heads to dine, perfectly extemporaneous. We ordered of course something cold, not to be detained. The hostess, however, seemed peculiarly desirous to give us a specimen of her cookery, and there was a mysterious delay. Enter the waiter. A *fricandeau*, the finest I ever tasted, perfectly admirable, a small and very delicate roast joint, veal chops dressed with a rich sauce piquant, capital roast pigeons, a large dish of peas most wonderfully fine, cheese, dessert, a salad preeminent even among the salads of Flanders which are unique for their delicate crispness and silvery whiteness, bread and beer *ad lib.* served up in the neatest and purest manner imaginable, silver forks, &c.; cost only 6 francs, forming one of the finest specimens of exquisite and economic cookery I ever witnessed. We have had a good deal of veal stewed with sorrel, and not bad. The paper in this country is bad, the ink infamous, and the pens wusser. Love to Mere and all.

Your affectionate
Brother,

B.
DISRAELI.

Sometimes the diary is an interesting supplement to the letters.

BRITGKS,
Thursday.

Magnificent city, perpetual palaces, not an ordinary house. The proportions of the town perfect. The Cathedral a very ancient building. The tower a rude shapeless pile, rises like a great leviathan. The bricks of which it is built are of a most diminutive size. This

apparently adds to its height. . . . The city is three times too extensive for its inhabitants, and you may lounge down magnificent parades